

The Marble Hill Press.

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

Probably the finest \$10.00 paper
ever printed in this country.

It costs something to live these
days, but it is even more expensive
to die.

It is apparent that a great many
citizens are taking things for granted
that they are not.

A fellow's friends always think that
his capacity for drink is three times
his own estimate.

It is certainly very considerate in
the restaurant not to try to crowd
over us in these hard days.

Four revolutions are now going on
in South America. The instructions
are too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Nation has established a pri-
vate home for incurables and will give
the water cure a thorough trial.

Many an eye was dimmed and many
a heart saddened by the passing of
everybody's friend—Sol Smith Russell.

No many new systems of wireless
telegraphy are being developed that a
trust or combination becomes impera-
tive.

Copper has been discovered in per-
sian quantities in Oklahoma. Probably
some of the Indians have been shod-
ding color.

Will the news that Count Zeppelin
has been ruined financially by his ex-
periments with airships discourage
dantes-dumont?

The high price of beef will dispose
of that old adage, the comfort of many
a young lover, that "two can live as
cheaply as one."

An expedition will start in July to
rescue Arctic Explorer Baldwin. Res-
cue expeditions to rescue the rescuers
will start out as circumstances war-
rant.

Down in Providence, R. I., the au-
thorities think of stopping playboys
because it has become a gambling
game. Is there no innocence left in
the world?

The husband who wants a divorce
in Maryland would better abandon his
prerogative. The legislature has
passed a law permitting the wife to
cross-examine.

A Michigan man has had his head
repaired with a bone from a dog. Now
if he will not chase wagons and bite
the milkman he will probably get
along all right.

John W. Gates is reported to have
lost a lot of money in wheat. It must
be Gates pretty busy figuring to be
able to tell what he is worth at the
end of each week.

J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have
made \$12,500,000 for bringing about
the steamship combine. It would be
economy to put him on a salary and
not pay him space rates.

With New Jersey appropriating \$10,-
000 to exterminate her mosquitoes
and Kansas \$5,000 to exterminate her
prairie dogs, we shall soon be rid of
all the wonders of nature.

This is the season of the year when
the congressman who has an eye to
his political future will send neatly
packed and carefully selected garden
seeds to his suburban constituents.

According to a dispatch there was
nothing noteworthy in France on May
day with the exception of a general
state of tranquility. What more note-
worthy could there have been in
France?

The banana is deservedly gaining
ground as a food product, but in these
times of scarcity it is no wonder-
fully utilized, why is the banana per-
fectly neglected but allowed to
make trouble?

When Santos-Dumont gets his line
of airplanes in operation between Great
Britain and the United States he will
probably establish elevated depots or
stopping stations at convenient dis-
tances along the route.

It men would only lay as much
stress on the duty of voting when they
have the ballot as they do on the right
to vote when they are trying to get
the ballot the world would have a
better brand of citizenship.

There are so few heavy funmakers
in this workaday world that none of
them can join the great majority
without leaving an undilled place.
Everybody who ever saw Sol Smith
Russell will be one of his mourners.

The shah of Persia, who is going to
travel in Europe during the coming
summer, will not be accompanied by
any of his wives. Europeans who
will have to entertain him are worry-
ing for fear he may also leave all
mankind at home.

Unfortunately, says the Roches-
ter Democrat and Chronicle, "it is im-
possible to obtain testimony from Eve
as to whether or not Adam was a
typical." That may be true, but should
the testimony of Eve's daughters
have some weight?

The man who tells of the escapades
of his boyhood and thinks the boys of
his day had more fun than they do
now, does not try to give the impres-
sion that swiping the widow's ducks
was a highly moral proceeding, but he
is disposed to judge it quite leniently
after the lapse of years.

There are plenty of people in this
country who are willing to make a
sacrifice if necessary for Andrew Car-
negie's satisfaction that poverty is
another thing which doesn't make life
so continuous round of pleasure.

Twenty thousand poor children are
to be given a good dinner when King
Edward is crowned, but they may
be asked them wonder why they can't
have a good dinner every day.

A fresh revolution is reported from
Santo Domingo. Revolutions are so
common there that it is hard to re-
cord them as other than state.

Investigations and Japan have found it
impossible to get along even in dis-
tance and are hurrying war cham-
pions at each other.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE KATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Milford," "The Spider's Web," "Miss
Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

And the Professor, too.

Perhaps it was a rash resolve—pos-
sibly Charlie Stuart's—possibly
accepted the baron's well-meant warn-
ing for its full value, and have left
Antwerp by the first train. But it was
only the word of the baron against
his own power of persuasion, and
Charlie did not see why he should
yield so easily.

In other words, he was not ready to
believe in the story the wonderful
baron had related, without more
abundant proof.

Perhaps he might even doubt it until
the action of Arline Brand convinced
him of her guilt, or her own sweet
lips confessed it.

That was Charlie's idea of friend-
ship.

With the disappearance of the baron
from the scene, Charlie supposed the
show was over for the morning.

He was mistaken.

While he stood there on the curb, a
prey to distracting thoughts, he was
being closely watched by a man who
had been loitering just inside the en-
trance of the Steen courtyard.

When Stuart started to move away,
the gentleman appeared to lose the
last vestige of control which he pos-
sessed.

He ran after the retreating figure.

The pair of footpads just behind
him naturally caused Charlie to halt
turn; perhaps he thought it might
be the baron, yet yet another choice
bit of information with which to add
to his stock of cleverness, or maybe
Artemus desirous of overtaking him.

He was immediately undeceived.

A scruffy-looking gentleman, who look-
ed as though he might have been dally-
ing with the wine too long, but with
hot passion glowing in his eyes, was
close upon him.

Even as Charlie stepped back a pace,
thinking the man was drunk, or in a
hurry to catch a train, to his intense
surprise the stranger eloped eloped
toward Charlie a pair of kid gloves
he carried.

Luckily, Stuart had a cool head for
one of his race, or they would have
had it out then and there in the re-
spectable street of the Steen.

He saw that the man had a grievance,
though utterly in the dark as to
what its nature might be.

"See here! Who are you?" asked
Charlie.

"Aha! I am Herr Professor Richter
of Dresden."

Charlie shook his head.

"Still I am groping in the dark. To
my knowledge I never had the pleas-
ure of meeting you, professor."

The German bowed angrily.

"Which is one good thing for you,
sir, and now that you have met me,
you shall give me the satisfaction of
a gentleman. To-morrow morning it
must be, with pistols—or do you prefer
swords? Blood alone can wipe out the
base insult."

"Suppose you tell me, Herr Profes-
sor, how I have offended you. Surely,
it could not be a matter serious enough
to call for a duel."

"How?" roared the German, dancing
up and down, his eyes glaring, his
hands working as though eager to
clutch the other's throat. "After de-
stroying my honor, you profess igno-
rance, scoundrel! Then I will tell you,
even though every gossip in Antwerp
learns of my shame. By running away
with my wife!"

"What?"

Charlie was so staggered by the ac-
cusation that he could hardly catch his
breath.

He had passed through some
strange experiences during his life,
but this was really the first time he
had ever been accused of such an es-
capade.

"But, Herr Professor, I swear to
you I never set eyes upon the lady in
question."

"You lie, scoundrel! Did I not with my
own eyes see you put her in the car-
riage, and stand there watching her
drive away? You are guilty!"

Poor Charlie felt as limp as a dish-
rag.

This connection with Artemus and
his irrepressible dramatic fever was
bringing about the most agonizing es-
calade.

"Well, all I say is, I must have done
it in my sleep. But I gave you my
word, and if I cannot prove my in-
nocence, I will give you the satisfac-
tion you demand."

"To-morrow, at sunrise!" eagerly.

"As you say. There is my card, pro-
fessor. Leave the particulars at my
hotel."

Stuart stood looking after the learned
disciple.

"She the wife of that bow-legged,
heavy-brained scholar? Perish the
thought! There is another infernal
mistake about it. This queer old town
is all upset, it seems."

There he suddenly remembered the
card he had given him, with her ad-
dress; as he had not thought to look
at it, so he hastily drove into his pocket
and drew out the case in which he
had placed it fresh from her hand, only
to receive a mad shock as he read:

"MADAM SOPHIE RICHTER,
"Hotel de la Paix, Antwerp."

Well, there it was.

Black and white he saw the mis-
erable horridness before his eyes.
Still he was grimly determined to
keep his engagement for that evening,
come what might.

Oh! sublime faith! It would re-
quire mountains to crush a positive
belief in the conviction of his own eyes
and his own intuition.

Dinner came next.

He could amuse himself with a
thousand and one theories bearing
upon the case.

Charlie was enjoying his dinner
with a fair amount of satisfaction,
considering what a load he carried
upon his mind, when Artemus, who
had been given his address, made his
appearance.

Stuart immediately decided to make
a full disclosure.

An opportunity came in good time
whereby they could converse without
being overheard.

Then Charlie let loose.

He fairly staggered his companion
with his first volley, containing the
account of the famous baron and his
charge that Arline Brand was the most
dangerous as well as notorious adventu-
ress in all Europe.

While Artemus was yet gasping
from the effect of this hot shot, Char-
lie poured in grape and cannon fire.

me to call upon her here at the hotel
to-night."

"Ah! yes," with a bright smile.
"She gave me a card. I did not
look at it just then, but after the rid-
iculous encounter with your husband,
in which he accused me of stealing his
wife, and threatened me with death on
the spot of honor, I took occasion to
investigate, and found—this."

He handed the card to her.

One glance, and the professor's wife
laughed.

"Yes, it is my carte-de-visite; but,
on my honor, Meinherd Stuart, I did
not give it to you."

"That I know very well. What I
wish to discover is, who did? There
is a young lady, also, with such gold-
en hair and blue eyes as you yourself
possess; she is stopping at this hotel.
Now, you must have at some time ex-
changed cards with her. Can you not
remember the circumstance?"

The professor's wife nodded eagerly.

"Well do I remember; it was only
yesterday. She quite charmed me
with her address and her father. I
had never before met one so fascinat-
ing."

"It was the Countess Isabelle Bran-
d."

"And—her name?" asked Charlie,
his heart sinking.

(To be continued.)

WHERE PERSONS ARE EVERYTHING

Position of Congressman's Wife in
Washington Society.

The rural congressman's wife, am-
bitious to be in society, and who fondly
imagines that election to the House
of Representatives carries with it the
golden key to unlock all doors, learns
her first and bitter lesson, says Mr.
Low, when she discovers that position
means something, but persons are
everything. Such a woman comes to
Washington full of her own impor-
tance, profoundly impressed with the
greatness of her husband, fondly be-
lieving that the wife of the president,
the wives of the members of the cabi-
net, the wives of the senators, will
receive her with open arms; that she
will be invited to the dinners of which
she has read in her local paper; that
she will get the same in the news-
papers, and her dresses will be de-
scribed, as was that of the governor's
wife at the last charity ball. Alas for
her disillusionment! She learns that
while a congressman may be a very
big man in his district, he is a very
small man in Washington until he has
established his right to be regarded
as above the average. If he has money
and he once club with a dinner
and cross the golden boundary; or if
he has no money, but much ability,
he will reach his destination by an-
other route; but if he has neither one
nor the other, if he is simply an ordi-
nary member of congress, a very fair
specimen of middle class common-
place intelligence, the social recogni-
tion for which his wife sighs will
never be hers. The wives of senators
from her state will return her call, she
may be invited to a tea, even to a din-
ner at the flag end of the season, but
that will be the limit of her insight
into society.—Harper's Weekly.

HAD FUN WITH AUTOGRAPH FRIENDS

Minister Wu Compiles with Request of
Lotto Club Members.

The Lotto club of New York has
long had the custom of giving dinners
in honor of distinguished men. At
such gatherings the menu card is al-
ways elaborate and characteristic. It
usually contains drawings illustrative
of the career of the guest of the evening,
and forms a souvenir of the company
treasure. To enhance their value, many
of the members ask the man whom the
club is entertaining to write his name on
their cards, says the New York Tribune.
Such requests are naturally granted.

It chanced that after the siege of
Peking the Lotto club gave a dinner
for Wu-Ting-fang, the Chinese minis-
ter at Washington. Of course the au-
tograph seekers kept him busy between
courses. They were unanimous in
asking him to write in Chinese. Sev-
eral of them later, in the evening,
were comparing his signatures as they
appeared on their menu cards. Un-
derstanding as they were with the Chi-
nese script, they could see that the
characters were not the same. Just
then Chow Tui Chi, the Chinese con-
sul, came up, and he was at once asked
what the writing meant.

Mr. Chow hesitated a moment, and
then gravely read these "autographs"
as follows:

"What a funny, red nosed man!"

"His shirt and fat you are!"

"An amusing bald headed fellow!"

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

It was in the shop of Thomas Dav-
ies, bookseller, that Boswell, after-
ward the famous biographer of Dr.
Samuel Johnson, first met that great
man. Davies respectfully introduced
Boswell, who was greatly agitated,
to the formidable doctor. Boswell whis-
pered to Davies: "Don't tell where I
came from." "From Scotland," cried
Davies, roughly. "Mr. Johnson," said
Boswell, "I do indeed come from Scot-
land, but I cannot help it." This, of
course, was said not as a humiliating
abatement at the expense of his coun-
try, but as a light pleasantry, which
he thought would soothe and concili-
ate the doctor. The speech, however,
was somewhat unlucky. Johnson, most
of the expression, "comes from Scot-
land," and retorted: "That, sir, I find
is what a great many of your coun-
trymen cannot help."

Sweet Sympathy.

Mrs. Youngwed—Yes, Mr. Youngwed
didn't feel at all well this morning,
so I just made him stay home from the
office.

Mrs. Naybor—Indeed! I notice all
your carrels are up, and your back
ache's pained, and—

Mrs. Youngwed—Yes, I got Mr.
Youngwed to do all that while he was
home to-day.

Mill Workers in Japan.

All mills in Japan run day and night
and change bands at noon and mid-
night. The vast majority of mill
workers are children, who work seven
hours at low wages. In one mill at
Osaka 2,500 workers are under 15 years
of age, and operate only 2,700 spindles.
In America 300 persons operate the
same number.

Why Wife Didn't Interfere.

Mrs. Jones—"Just think of it! That
fellow came in and actually stole the
clock right off the mantelpiece."

Mrs. Brown—"And your dog was in
the very same room?"

Mrs. Jones—"Yes, but that didn't
count. 'Fido' is only a watch dog, you
know."

Real Societies.

"I neither met such a socialist as
Duffy."

"In what way?"

"Why, he was happy when he found
out he'd been run over by the old bog-
train. At first he thought it was a
Could stand."

In Memory of Gladstone.

The library erected at Haverdon by
national subscription to perpetuate
Mr. Gladstone's memory is rapidly ap-
proaching completion. The site is the
one chosen by Mr. Gladstone himself
for the temporary library in use before
his last illness. It stands near the
church, on an eminence overlooking
the sea estuary.

Look for Like Good Fortune.

William Hallock Deming, a wealthy
citizen of San Francisco, called a
friend up by telephone one morning,
and was much impressed by the soft
and gentle tones of the girl at the cen-
tral office. He managed to make her
acquaintance, found that her entire
personality was in close harmony with
his voice, proposed and was accepted.
The former "hello" girl will travel in
Europe with her husband this summer.
The latter, a business woman, has
lately noticed a strange sweetness in
the voices of the girls still in the cen-
tral office.

Surprise That Cost Much.

Tolstoy has always been a warm ad-
mirer of the Russian Society of
Friends. Upon the publication of
"The Resurrection," he gave orders
that all the money brought in by the
book should be turned over to the
society. Recently the official repre-
sentative of the society returned the
large sum sent them, explaining that
as the book was indeed the friends
could not accept the proceeds of his
sale.

The First Valentine.

Dr. Charles F. Rand, who is accept-
ed as being the volunteer for the
civil war, is still living in Washing-
ton. He was also the first soldier to
win the congressional medal for honor
for distinguished gallantry in action.

New Use for Public Schools.

Jacob A. Rile of New York ad-
vocates the opening of public schools
in great cities on Sundays. Lectures
and entertainments should be given to
keep the boys from the evils of teen-
age life and the alluring
glitter of the saloons.

GRAND MEMORIAL FOR CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS



"SPIRIT OF THE CONFEDERACY."

F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, the sculp-
tor, has just completed a bronze group,
called "Spirit of the Confederacy," for
the Confederate Soldiers' Home and
Cemetery at Hightstown, Mo. The
group is thirteen and one-half feet
high and represents a dying soldier
reclining in the arms of Fame, who
holds aloft the crown she will place on
his head. It also suggests the splen-
did services of the Southern woman,
who, by her Spartan spirit, served her
soldier to the last measure of self-sac-
rificing devotion.

ENGLAND'S BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS

Wife of Duke of Sutherland Makes
New Social Custom.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who has
made a new social custom by leav-

ing informal invitations to her dances
on her calling cards, is one of the four
daughters of the fourth Earl of Ros-
lyn. These sisters a few years ago
created a furore in British society by
their flawless beauty. Lady Milford,
the present Duchess of Sutherland,
married the present Duke of Suther-
land in 1884. She is today one of the
most stately and beautiful matrons in
all England.

Unique Charitable Works.

Germany seems to take the lead in
novelties of a charitable nature. In
the town of Haschmann prizes are of-
fered yearly for the men who will
marry the ugliest, most crippled, and
the women over forty who have been
littered at least twice. The money was
left by a big financier, and he, realiz-
ing that beauty is an attraction hard
to overcome, made a provision in his
will that out of the income of the
fund not less than \$50 shall go to the
ugliest girl in any year and the cripple
and over forty \$50. The four women
over forty, when the funds will
verify this amount and at his discretion
offer a larger prize to someone who
will marry an unusually ugly girl or
one to whom nature has been special-
ly unkind.

What is the Shamrock?

During recent years literature has
been abundant in the attempt to prove
that the clover could not have been
the ancient shamrock of the Irish, but
that it must have been the Oxalis ac-
costella. The main argument has been
that the clover was an introduction
from the continent of Europe and
could not have been in Ireland at the
time.

A correspondent of the London
Gardener's Chronicle, W. G. S., goes
over the whole literature of the sub-
ject. He shows that it was not until
1820, when J. E. Licheno, a former
secretary of the Linnean society, started
a doubt on the subject in a
paper read before that society, W. G.
S. quotes from publications, with their

extraordinary character of Dr.
Bradford's teachings.

The Impressionable Englishman.

Some years ago an Englishman vis-
ited Washington and met a statesman
belonging to the minority party, who
gave a most startling account of the
corruption existing in the government
and the terrible struggle he had had
against it. "Do you mean to say, sir,"
asked the stranger, seriously, "that you
are the only honest man in the
American government?" "Well," re-
plied the statesman, stroking his beard
meditatively, "I wouldn't go so far as
that. There may be four or five more
somewhere."

Long and Careful Inquiry by Ger-
man doctors indicates that cancer is
not probably hereditary, but that it is
perniciously contagious. In certain
districts the number of sufferers is
proportion to the population is much
larger every year than in other areas.
Dog and cats in many instances be-
come cancerous, but few horses and
cattle are attacked. Men and women
are stricken on the average earlier in
life in this generation than in those
which preceded it. It is hoped that
these German investigations of this
frightful curse, which are to be kept
up persistently and upon a scale both
liberal and extensive, may result in
the discovery of some remedy for can-
cer. But, of course, that can be only
a matter of conjecture.—New York
Tribune.

To Keep Feet Dry.

Before the invention of over shoes
clogs like these made of wood were
worn to keep the feet dry. The clogs
were called pattens.

Cancer is Contagious.

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man doctors indicates that cancer is
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Remembered Old Sweetheart.

Thirty years ago Miss Rachel Dick-
son and Peter Barclay of Middletown,
N.Y., were lovers. A quarrel separated
them and he went to Ringold county,
Iowa, where he married. His wife
and two children died, and lately he
followed them. In his will he left his
estate, valued at \$50,000, to his
old sweetheart, who remained single.

Enough for Both.

A Boston policeman named Flynn
did some heroic work at a fire and
the newspapers of that city have been
showing him with compliments. Of-
fer Flynn publishes a statement sug-
gesting that one William Wiley be given
equal credit with himself, and he adds:
"There is enough life-saving glory for
both of us."

New Use for Public Schools.

Jacob A. Rile of New York ad-
vocates the opening of public schools
in great cities on Sundays. Lectures
and entertainments should be given to
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age life and the alluring
glitter of the saloons.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

NEW HEAD OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

Mrs. Daniel F. S. Denton Has Long
Been President in the work.

Mrs. Daniel F. S. Denton, the new-
ly elected president of the Federation
of Women's Clubs is a New Yorker,
and one of the most prominent club
women in the east.

She has served as
vice president of the federation and
has shown unusual discrimination,
tact and general wideawakeness in
dealing with the knotty question of
inordinate politics in the organization.
She went into the convention with a
strong following for the presidency.
An accomplished linguist and ex-
temporaneous speaker, by reason of a
life devoted to study, Mrs. Denton